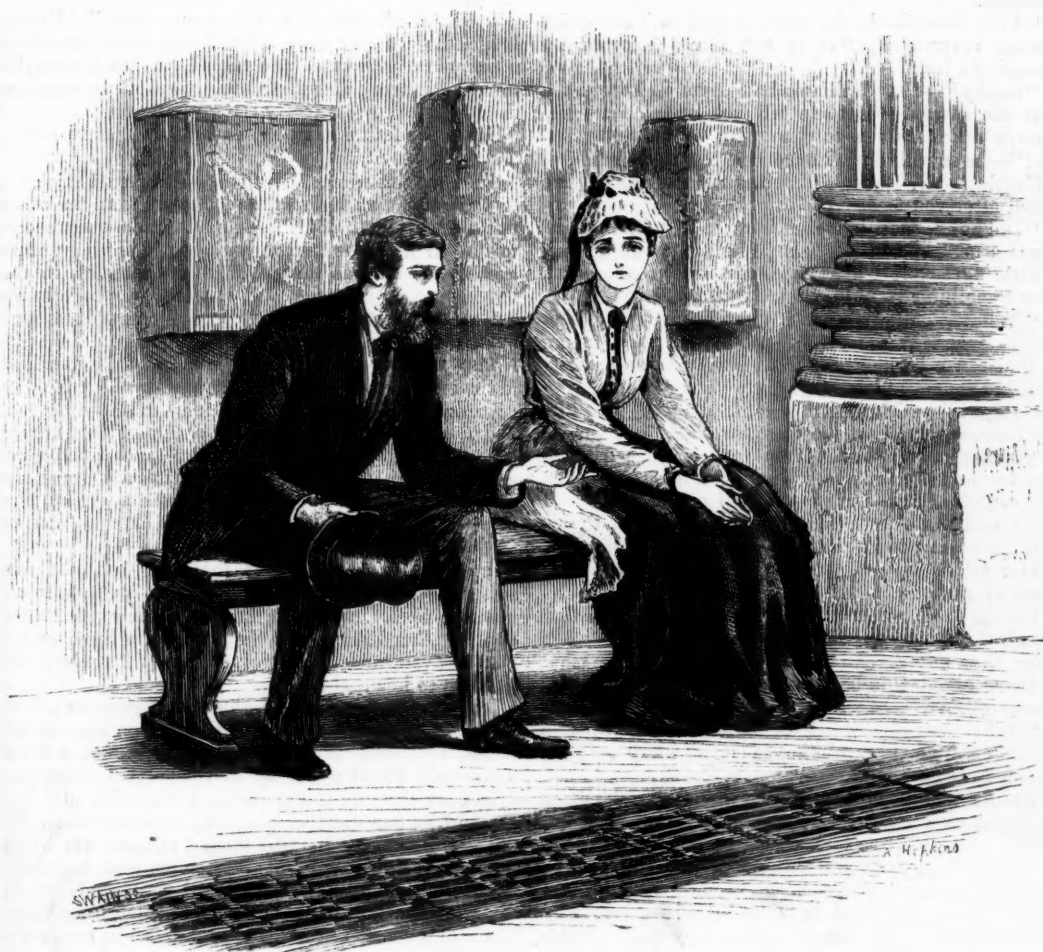


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MR. HELDER.

TOO SOON.

CHAPTER III.—"VERY OLD, VERY OLD."

URSULA WILLIAMS's life had been dull in the sense of monotony. Her mother had died before she could remember, and her father, a dreamy learned scholar, had never recovered the sorrow of her loss. He had given up his child when she was eight years old to the care of her mother's sister, Miss Sophia Ashton,

and the gentle placid lady, as "Aunt Sophy," had ever since had the care of his household.

Mr. Williams was fond of his daughter, but fonder of his books; he understood books better than he understood human beings, and therefore he loved them better; he spent his weekday life, except a scanty amount of holiday, within the walls of the State Paper-Office, and every year he became more and more absorbed in his researches, while his home life grew to be more of an episode in his existence.

Miss Ashton was sitting in the back room at needlework, waiting her brother-in-law's coming home. They were scarcely two rooms, although there were folding doors between them, but these were never closed. Meals were eaten in the front room and in the other there were book-cases and a piano-forte and a work-table, and glass doors leading by a short flight of steps on to the gravel walk. If formal visitors came to Vine Cottage they were ushered into the prim little drawing-room up-stairs.

Aunt Sophy held her needlework between her fingers, but she was not sewing; her mild eyes followed Ursula's impetuous walk up and down the grass-plot with a kind of fearful expectation, and there was a painfully timid expression on her delicate lips.

"Poor dear child, she wants a mother," the quiet woman murmured; "it is not likely I could be enough for her."

"Sophy"—Mr. Williams had come in so quietly that she started—"let me tell you before I forget, I have asked Raven to dine with us on Saturday. Oh!"—he saw his daughter coming towards the house, "Ursula,—Mr. Raven is coming on Saturday. He asked after you to-day."

"Did he?"—a little toss of her head—"he thought I was a book, perhaps. I hope he will make himself a little agreeable when he comes, and croak, croak over something younger than Sanchoniathan!"

"What a child you are! But he is very gifted, and—" Mr. Williams hesitated; he was trying to find a word which would fit his friend and satisfy Ursula—"and, my dear, he likes young people."

"Papa!"—such a look of comic disdain came into her face—"he does not even know whether I am old or young; my only merit in his eyes is that I listened one day to a fearfully long discussion about Nisroch, and eagle's wings, and pretended I understood it. I don't really see any difference between Mr. Raven and a mummy, if there were Assyrian mummies."

Her father turned away as if he were weary, and went up-stairs.

Ursula groaned. "Oh dear! oh dear! I wish that dreadful old man would stop away! I'm sure he is older than any raven on record. Aunt Sophy, what is there about this house, that nothing young ever comes into it?"

"Why, my dear"—Aunt Sophy's voice had a shade of surprised rebuke in it—"what is your cousin Frank?"

Ursula had been standing on the steps; she came up them now into the room, and stood facing her aunt.

"Aunt Sophy, do you think you could go on all your life eating mutton-chops every day for dinner? Frank is very nice, and kind, and good—good! why he's excellent." She gave a little weary sigh. "But he is not anybody in the way I mean. I have known Frank ever since he was three; there's nothing to find out in him, I know his thoughts and ideas inside and outside too."

"Well, but, Ursula"—Aunt Sophy's remonstrance came timidly, she was in wholesome fear of her niece's sharp, nimble tongue—"you missed seeing Frank for several years, he must be like a new friend again now."

Ursula shook her head. "He was rather new at first, but he's just the same; there's nothing in Frank to change, dear old fellow." She gave another weary sigh; then, with a sudden change of voice:

"Please, aunt, when you find my papers about, don't show them to everybody."

A slight flush came into the aunt's gentle face; Ursula's tone was hardly rude, but it was certainly not deferential.

"I only showed that paper to Frank, my dear."

"I don't wish what I write shown to any one; I don't want any one to know that I ever write anything but letters. It's a habit I have got; but it seems to me that my papers ought to be as sacred as my account book, and I suppose, aunt, you would not show that to Frank?"

"I did not know you kept accounts," said Aunt Sophy, glad to think the storm was blowing over; "I'm very pleased to hear it, it is a very good habit, my dear."

"Oh, don't be glad too soon, aunt." Ursula laughed. "I put down what I remember, and how much papa gives me, and then I set down sundries to make it even, and there are always more sundries than anything."

Here her father came in, and dinner was served.

It seems sometimes as if there were more that is akin to us in trees, and plants, and flowers than in other parts of creation. Spring—its approach even seems to stir our frame as it stirs the sap in the living nature around us; and as that satisfies its instincts in the development of leaves and flowers, so the craving which visits most of us early in the year will be sure to give some outward sign of its presence. In some it may be joy—a bounding gladness of heart which not even poetry can render adequately, which finds its echo only in the growing loveliness of budding leaf and flower; in others there is a tender languorous sadness. But in all there is the same effect—the emotions from some mysterious action of nature are quickened into moving life, and are so near the surface of thought that it is hard to keep them to ourselves.

Ursula had not thought this out, but she was suffering from its effect. She had, with a frank manner, a shy nature, which made her jealous of exposing her thoughts to the notice of others, and it was this reticence that deceived those with whom she lived as to her real nature.

The verses so full of passionate longing for a love which would sympathise with the hidden want at her heart, the want of being understood, had startled her cousin Frank; and he had been still more surprised at the unusual openness with which she had shown him her want of sympathy with his ideas. He did not guess how the girl longed to open her whole heart, and how easily he might have won her confidence if she could have felt sure of being understood; for she had not with Frank the chief stumbling-block of a sensitive nature to confidence in another—fear. She had no actual shrinking from her cousin, because she was not afraid of him; she only knew by instinct that he could not understand her.

Mr. Raven came to dinner on Saturday. He was not so dreamy as his friend Williams, but he was less human. He was far more aware of Ursula's youth and beauty than she supposed. She looked pretty to-day in her white dress and a blue ribbon in her dark hair; but then to Mr. Raven the past was more than the present or the future, and youth and beauty, art and music, flowers, and all sweet sights and sounds, were so many flies to be brushed away, when intrusive, from the ponderous folios of thought.

Ursula had been excited by his first complimentary greeting into a few bright, fluttered remarks, and Mr. Raven had laughed in such an amused way, that she began to think he improved on acquaintance, and was not after all the "old fossil" she had called him; but an observation from her father took the savant back into the past, and Ursula found two sprightly and rather saucy remarks passed by unnoticed. She took refuge in silence, and presently got engrossed in one of her fondest day-dreams—the planning of a journey to Italy, in which adventure of all kinds was to be her portion, while the conversation went on unheeded.

All at once she began to listen—her father was speaking. "I have known him for years; he is about the best informed, best read man we have."

"Do you think so?" Mr. Raven's voice sounded disparaging, and Ursula's sympathy was at once enlisted for the unknown. "Well, I'm not so sure of that, and he is too modern in his notions. He seems always willing to hear all sides of a subject; hardly sound that, I fancy."

"You will find yourself mistaken." Ursula was surprised at the interest in her father's voice; it was new to hear him interested about a person. "Helder does not decide hastily; but when he has made up his mind you will find he is not to be turned aside. In fact, I must say I consider him very remarkable, quite beyond the rest he fills."

Mr. Raven sipped his wine in a sort of vicious silence. Praise of another man's ability was not palatable.

"Who is Mr. Helder, papa?"

This was one part curiosity and three parts revenge on Mr. Raven's previous neglect. With true feminine insight, she had read the learned man's vexation.

"Only one of Mr. Raven's colleagues at the Museum, my dear;" and then Mr. Williams looked at Aunt Sophy as if she and Ursula were not wanted any longer. He had a secret dread of his daughter when she started an unwelcome subject, and he saw that his friend did not like this one.

"Aunt Sophy"—the girl sat herself on a stool as soon as they reached the prim drawing-room—"do you know this Mr. Helder?"

"No, my dear."

Aunt Sophy took her knitting out of her basket.

"Do you think"—Ursula had sat lost in thought for several minutes—"that he is as old as my father is?"

"He—I don't know—do you mean Mr. Raven?"

Ursula jumped up impatiently. "That old book-worm! No. Why, he must be seventy—always was seventy, I think. I believe, if he ever does die, his skin will be found parchment and his blood ink. Please send for me, aunt, when tea is ready; I am in the garden."

"Put a shawl on, dear."

But before her aunt had finished, Ursula was down-stairs walking up and down. There was a young May moon, and her white dress shone out as it glanced across the silver light. The leaves had faded into a neutral tint, and the flowers showed ghost-like, as if they were disembodied and hung in air.

Ursula shivered and gathered her blue sash round her shoulders. "I wish Frank was here.—No, I don't; I cannot think when Frank is here, he turns everything into joke. I wonder if this Mr. Helder is old. If he is what papa makes him out, he must be wonderfully clever." She walked up and down, thinking; her eyes grew brighter. "Frank made

me wretched by saying what he did the other day. I tried to think he was wrong, and yet his words weighed my heart down. Now, if a man like papa can speak so of this Mr. Helder, I am right and Frank is wrong—there are these firm, wise men to be found. Oh! how I could respect a man like that!" And then the girl blushed at herself. Never till to-night had this creation of her dreams taken a living shape. The next minute she laughed. "Of course he is old; even Homer shows us that wisdom only goes with age; unless, indeed, it is crafty wisdom, like that detestable Ulysses. Perhaps I don't mean wisdom; I think it is more a calm grasp of mind that I want to find—a nature that one could lean on—that is never weak or foolish, and yet tender and sympathetic. Ah, yes, of course Mr. Helder is old, and has white hair. I suppose people all get wise as they get old, and yet I dislike old men." She gave a little stamp with her foot, and turned to meet the maid with Aunt Sophy's summons.

CHAPTER IV.—AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Miss Ashtons placid face was troubled. Usually she kept her joys and sorrows to herself, but she had grown anxious about Ursula, and at last she had summoned courage to speak to her brother-in-law. Ursula never came down-stairs till breakfast was half over, so there had been plenty of opportunity, but the timid woman put off and put off her resolution till a week after she had decided on it.

"Walter"—she took advantage of the tea-urn as a screen—"don't you think Ursula looks ill?"

Mr. Williams was deep in a book; he started, pushed up his spectacles, and looked helpless. "Ill—when was she ill?" And then he gazed round the room for explanation.

"She has not been really ill, but she has been looking pale for some time. I—I think she wants a little change, Walter."

Mr. Williams looked still more puzzled. "Change now; it is May, Sophy. We cannot possibly get a change before September. You know the sea is unhealthy at this time of year."

Aunt Sophy's face was pitiful; she wished she had not spoken. It was terrible that Walter should think she wished to interfere with his plans.

"I do not mean change of air, perhaps I ought to have said variety," she said, as soon as she got courage. "I think at Ursula's age girls get dull easily; she has been so quiet lately."

Mr. Williams thought he had dismissed the subject. Her persistence made him uneasy.

Ursula came in, and he held her hand a minute after she had kissed him, and looked anxiously in her face. Sophy was right; the child was pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes.

"Ursula," he said, when he rose from the breakfast-table, "if you will get ready at once, I will take you to the Museum with me. I have to look out a date there."

"Oh, how nice, I'll be ready in no time," and the girl darted from the room.

Aunt Sophy stood gathering the cups and saucers, so that the maid might have less trouble in clearing them away. She did not attempt to contradict her brother-in-law, but she meditated on his words.

"Well, of all places, the British Museum is the last I should choose for a girl with a headache. Richmond or Hampton Court would do her good, perhaps."

at least, it seems so to me." This came penitentially, for to the humble-minded woman there was something near akin to treason in questioning Walter's wisdom. Miss Ashton had never had a brother, and this husband of her only sister was to her the wisest of mankind.

In her heart Ursula did not care for the Museum; there was nothing young or fresh there, she said. But it was so new for her father to propose anything, or to seem to be aware of her individual existence, that she was delighted. At least she should get a walk with him. They walked through Brompton up to busy Sloane Street, and then Mr. Williams called a cab, and, to Ursula's joy, a Hansom, so that when they reached the Museum her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks glowing with the excitement of the rapid fresh-air drive. Ursula followed her father up the steps, but he stopped when he reached the portico. A very tall man—Ursula could not see his face as she stood behind her father—was shaking hands with him.

"I heard an inquiry for you just now." The peculiar deep voice had a thrill in it that awoke Ursula's attention. "Dr. Black said half an hour's talk with you would help him materially; he went to his room to write to you."

"Ah! I'll go to him, then." Mr. Williams went forward eagerly, and then he remembered Ursula. "I forget I have my daughter with me, and I was going to take her round—" He hesitated. Then he said, simply, "Will it inconvenience you to take care of her till I come back from Dr. Black?"

All Ursula's shyness rose in protest against this proposal, but she did not speak. She bowed as her father introduced her, she did not look up—all her joy had faded. Her father would have been a silent, dreamy companion, but still with him she could have done what she liked—pored over books and manuscripts, and sauntered and dreamed away the morning, for Ursula loved books ardently, although she affected to dislike bookworms and musty old folios and ancient learning.

"And now," she thought, "I shall have to talk and behave properly, and only look at what this grave gentleman shows me."

"I shall be delighted," the tall man said.

"Thank you; good-by, my dear, you will meet me here in about a couple of hours, if I may take up so much of your time, Helder."

Mr. Williams moved away, and Ursula was face to face with her guide.

This was Mr. Helder! She raised her long dark lashes, and gave a quick, wistful look, and her eyelids drooped again, for Mr. Helder was looking at her more earnestly than she had ever been looked at in her life.

Ursula felt still more shy, but a kind of pleasure mingled with her dread. She had seen in that brief glance that Mr. Helder was not young or handsome, but he certainly was not old, and he did not look the least bit like a fossil; only she had been observant enough to hear some hesitation in his voice, and she was more shy than usual. She felt sure he had taken charge of her unwillingly.

And she was right. Michael Helder was unused to the society of young girls, and he had felt puzzled in this new position. But his one glance into those large liquid eyes had changed this feeling; he felt a sudden unwonted curiosity to look into them again.

The young girl stood where her father had left

her, timid and proud, and ready to be abrupt and unsocial to her acquaintance. As she felt his steadfast gaze on her face, a faint colour rose on the clear pale skin, and made it look velvet-like.

"You have of course been here before?"

Again the deep yet clear voice thrilled through her and set her pulses beating fast.

"Yes, but I have not seen much."

Ursula expected that his next question would be as to what she had seen, people always did ask tiresome questions. She began to be afraid her new acquaintance was only an ordinary man, and that was worse than a bookworm.

Michael Helder could not be called shy or awkward, though he was unused to women. His first idea was to set his young charge at ease by diverting her thoughts from herself. He did not even ask her what she would like to see, but walked on till he reached the galleries of antique sculpture. Arrived there, he waited; he wanted to see if this silent statue-like maiden had any mental link to the light he had seen in her eyes, and also, it must be confessed, spite of his wisdom and his five-and-thirty years, he wanted very much to see those dark eyes lifted again to his.

They walked on side by side silently. Gradually Ursula lost memory of her new guide, and stood rapt before the Thalia.

"It is very fine," said Mr. Helder, softly, for her long pause puzzled him.

She turned to him at once—her hands clasped, her cheeks glowing.

"It is beauty itself; there is no other word."

The large dark eyes were full of fire this time, as they looked earnestly up at him, and Michael Helder thought he had never seen such eyes in his life.

"You have never been in Rome or Florence?" he asked.

Ursula darted a shy inquiring look at him, and then, encouraged by the interest in his face, she softened.

"No. How strange you should say that!" A sweet confiding yet half-timid glance up at the face bent down to listen; it was so new, so delightful, to feel that she was thought worth listening to—she who felt that no one appreciated her—she kept her eyes on his face, and went on eagerly: "Do you know that the great longing of my life is to travel, and specially to go to Italy? I feel sometimes as if I could not wait, as if I *must* get to Rome some way or another." A quick glow of shame rose in her face at her own boldness, and now it seemed to Michael Helder as if he had never seen anything so lovely as those deeply-tinted cheeks. The dark curved lashes fell suddenly, for his thought expressed itself in his eyes.

Ursula turned her head a little away. "I hope papa will not be very punctual," she thought, "this man interests me."

"You must be tired, I think," said Mr. Helder; "shall we sit down on this bench?"

At which speech Michael felt himself a hypocrite, for he knew that he wanted to get a better view of the changes in the girl's sensitive face, as now the well-marked eyebrows, now the delicate nostrils, now the flexible mouth came into play, and aided the meaning of those wonderful dark eyes.

"How could I have thought her a statue?" and he remembered, with some confusion, that he had considered Mr. Williams a bore for imposing this charge on him.

"You have been abroad?" she had said, and then sat listening while he recalled experiences of his visits to Italy which he thought might amuse or interest her.

Time passed away while they sat resting on the bench. Ursula's lips were parted, and a flush kindled on her cheek again as she listened. It was almost intoxicating happiness to hear all that she had read of and dreamed visions of, described by one who had seen with his own eyes those treasures of art that she longed so passionately to behold. And Mr. Helder's was no dry catalogue. It seemed to Ursula that Rome, and its palaces, and its vast Campagna, were spread out before her, while she understood more of the beauties of Florence and Venice than she had ever done before.

All at once he started up and flushed, and then he pulled out his watch. "I am afraid—" He hesitated. "I believe your father must be waiting. I had no idea it was so late."

The bright flush faded out of Ursula's face. She longed to ask Mr. Helder to look at his watch again, to be sure that he was right—but somehow the spell was broken. He was once more the tall grand gentleman she had thought him as they walked side by side to the galleries, and she was the silent statue-like girl.

Mr. Helder was silent too. He could not have told what he was thinking of, unless it was of his companion, and he had no definite thought of her; rather a hazy pleasant vision, in which came this reflection, "Rachel was wrong when she said I could not find pleasure in talking to girls, but then I never saw a girl like this one."

When they reached the entrance Mr. Williams had not appeared, and Ursula felt annoyed at the needless interruption to their talk; but next minute they saw him coming from one of the private entrances.

He thanked Mr. Helder very cordially. "I am sure Ursula has had a double treat," he said; "you have made a much better guide than I should have done."

"I am afraid"—Mr. Helder felt suddenly guilty—"Miss Williams has not seen much; we have been talking—"

"I will answer for her that she has enjoyed herself," and Mr. Williams smiled at the girl's happy face. "Now we must not waste any more of your time, Helder. Many thanks. Good-day."

Ursula thought they should part without shaking hands, her father stood between them; but to her great joy Mr. Helder came forward and shook hands, and thanked her for a very pleasant morning. "Next time you come"—he smiled—"I will try to show you something more special than the old marbles."

Ursula walked down the steps in a dream, and long before they had passed through the iron gates her father had gone mentally to Dr. Black and his new theory. They reached home in almost unbroken silence.

PIGEON ENGLISH.

WITH a parcel of tea which we lately purchased there came a curious piece of Chinese advertising. It is a native tea merchant's bill or circular, printed on red paper sprinkled with gold leaf. It bears the announcement, in "pigeon English," that "Tong-Wo-Sun-Kee never makes or ships LIE TEA." Below

this announcement, intended for the information of foreigners, there is a longer statement in Chinese, informing his countrymen that he sells nothing but teas of the purest quality. Now this "lie tea" is not so much an adulteration of other than tea leaves, as it may be a mixture of good fresh leaves with what have been already infused. The latter are chiefly bought for a mere trifle at the large tea-drinking establishments, and dried in the sun. The writer has seen acres of ground in the vicinity of Canton, Macao, Shanghai, and other places, where the leaves were spread, sometimes on mats, and sometimes on the bare soil, to shrivel up under his torrid rays. When mixed with fresh tea this "lie tea" is shipped at a much lower price than usual, but very little of it is consumed in England. Germany has been its principal destination; but since the arrival there of the "Maloo mixture," the authorities have prohibited its importation under heavy penalties.

But we have taken up our Chinese tea bill, not to tell about tea and the tea trade, but to say a few words about the strange language of which the expression "Lie tea" is an example.

"Pidgin," or, as it is sometimes spelled, "pigeon" English, originated at Canton during the early days of our relations with China, when the East India Company monopolised the trade with the Hong merchants. In their intercourse neither took the trouble to learn the language of the other properly, but confined their conversation to the fewest number of English and Chinese words necessary for bargaining and dealing in their merchandise. Hence the greater portion of this *patois* is made up of words used in commerce, and its incongruous appellation is a corruption of the word "business." At first John Chinaman found this a difficult word to pronounce, rarely making a nearer approach than "bidjinish." In time he softened it down to "pidgin," which is now universally used by natives and foreigners, so that the title of this paper means literally "Business" English.

Of course the diplomatic interpreters attached to the consulates and legations speak and write both languages correctly, while most of the missionaries are qualified to discourse in Chinese. But the vocabulary in use between the Chinese and British residents, as well as visitors at the treaty ports, is almost wholly of this bastard language. Some of the words, such as the salutation *chin-chin*, are adopted by foreigners, but generally the attempt is on the part of the natives to use English words, with a pronunciation more or less like that of their own language, especially where the speaker has a difficulty in enunciating the letters. Sometimes they add terminations of their own, to give euphony, in their estimation, to the words of the "barbarian" tongue. On the other hand, to our ears these sound very much like the talk of our nurses to children, such as "Georgy peorgy will have a ridy pidy in a coachy woachy."

From its direct business meaning the term "pidgin" is applied to many other acts of persons, but always alludes to what work or engagement they have on hand. For instance, if one calls to inquire for the master, his servant may reply that "he have makee chow-chow pidgin," that is, he may be at dinner, or if on Sunday the answer might be "he have go chuch pidgin." Then, as to termination syllables, double e is the most common, such as *makee, talkee, walkee, muchee, showee, piecee* etc. This last corrup-

tion of our word *piece* is very commonly used, and derived from a *piece* or *bale* of calico, which is the staple import of British manufactured goods. As these are of different qualities, the trader endeavours to impress upon the Chinese buyer that his shirtings are number one, or A 1. Hence remarks of quality have advanced from "numpah wan piecee silk" to "numpah wan piecee man" (a rich or honest trader), or "numpah wan piecee woman" (a beautiful woman). Then the word "pay" is commonly used like "show," evidently from the money paid for goods being shown, such as, "makee pay two piecee boot," meaning "show me a pair of boots." In like manner, the word "fashion" is used to convey very different meanings from its mercantile sense, such as "my no belong that fasun," or "I am not of that opinion." Besides English and Chinese words, other foreign words occur, such as "savee," from the Portuguese verb expressing to know, or the Malay interjection *maskee*, signifying "never mind." The following dialogue between a British resident at Shanghai and his personal servant, or "boy," as he is termed, will give the reader some idea of the incongruous manner in which the Queen's English is distorted, in defiance of Lindley Murray's grammar. The master seated at his table has rung the bell, and his servant enters.

PIGEON ENGLISH.	ENGLISH PROPER.
BOY. You makee ling?	Did you ring, sir?
MAS. Yes, sendee catchee one piecee tailor-man.	Yes, send for a tailor.
BOY. Just now hab got bottom side.	He is below at present.
MAS. Showee he come top side.	Tell him to come up.
Exit boy, and re-enter with tailor.	
MAS. You belong tailor-man?	Are you a tailor?
TAL. Es, sah, my belong tailor-man.	Yes, sir, I am a tailor.
MAS. Belong what name?	What is your name?
TAL. Any man callee my Stultz.	They call me Stultz.
MAS. Foreigners talkee so fashion, how fashion that Chinaman talkee?	The foreigners call you so, but what is your real Chinese name?
TAL. Po-hing.	Po-hing.
MAS. My boy makee pay you what thing my makee wanchee; more better you go bottom side askee he. He makee pay you what thing.	My boy will show you what I want done. You had better go down-stairs, and he will show you the article.
BOY. What thing you wanchee?	What do you want?
MAS. Showee he makee mend that more olo piecee coat, and sponse he can makee clean my thinkie more better.	Tell him to mend that very old coat, and if he can clean it so much the better.
BOY. Jus now teefin hab ledly.	Luncheon is ready.
MAS. Belong what time?	Why, what time is it?
BOY. Wanchee one help belong catchee that two.	It wants half an hour to two o'clock.
MAS. What thing hab got?	What have you?
BOY. Feesantee, colo loso beefo, cully.	Pheasant, cold roast beef, curry.
MAS. I go chop chop; pay he allo man no makee wait.	I'll go directly; tell them all not to wait.

From this example it will be seen that pidgin English is not easy to acquire, especially with foreign residents of different nationalities than the United Kingdom and the United States. Indeed, in some instances, as much time and trouble is spent in picking it up verbally, as would serve to learn sufficient

of Chinese, under a native teacher, for transacting all ordinary business. Nevertheless, it is an important vocabulary for merchants, bankers, and their *employés* to acquire; for with few exceptions, all transactions in imports and exports between foreigners and natives are conducted in it, and these amount to not less than fifty millions sterling per annum at the fifteen treaty ports.

S. M.

LORD SELBORNE.

On the recent retirement of Lord Hatherley, who had for four years filled the office of Lord Chancellor in a manner worthy of his high name and character, the Great Seal was, with universal approbation, committed to the hands of Sir Roundell Palmer. This eminent lawyer had been for many years the acknowledged head of the Equity Bar. It is besides well known that but for his conscientious objections to the disendowment of the Irish Church, he would have been Lord Chancellor on the formation of the Gladstone Ministry in 1868. Seldom has any one attained to the woollack with so large and favourable a concurrence of opinion as to the suitability of the appointment.

From Selborne, made illustrious by the writings of Gilbert White, the Lord Chancellor has taken his title as a peer. With this locality he is connected by his proprietorship of the estate of Blackmoor, where he has built a mansion, a church, and also a school-house. As a Cabinet Minister he will now directly influence government and legislation, and in the way of law reform there lies work enough before him to secure his lasting reputation as a statesman. Like Erskine, Brougham, Thesiger, and Bethell, the new Lord Chancellor has reached his high post without ever having occupied the ordinary judicial bench. The curious in such matters have also observed that since the time of Lord Eldon until the recent appointment, with the single exception of Lord Westbury, no Oxford graduate has held the Great Seal. On the other hand, it has been noted that, with the accession of Lord Selborne to the ranks of the Ministry, no less than eight Oxford University men have at the present time a seat in the Cabinet.

Roundell Palmer is the second son of the late Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer, for many years rector of Mixbury, Oxfordshire, who had married Dorothea Richardson, the youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Roundell, of Gledstone, Yorkshire. He was born at the Rectory of Mixbury, on the 27th November, 1812. Oxfordshire has claimed to be honoured in the elevation of her distinguished son. Since Simon Lord Harcourt held the Great Seal in the early part of the eighteenth century, Lord Selborne is the first native of the county who has earned the high prize. He is, however, descended from an Essex family, well known in commercial circles. His grandfather, William Palmer, of Nazing Park, Waltham Cross, was a London merchant. His uncle, the late George Palmer, who succeeded to the family property, was an extensive shipowner in the City, and for many years deputy-chairman of the Lifeboat Institution. He was the inventor of a lifeboat long successfully used by the society. Another uncle, John Horsley Palmer, whose name for fifty years was among the most eminent and honoured in British commerce, was elected a director of the Bank of

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England in 1811, and filled the post of governor for three years, from 1830 to 1832.

The future Lord Chancellor was educated first at Rugby and then at Winchester school. From Winchester he was elected in 1830 to an open scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. Here his career was one of no ordinary brilliancy. He obtained in 1831 the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse, confined to those members of the university who have not exceeded four years from their matriculation; and in 1832 he carried off the Newdigate prize for a composition in English verse. The prize for the Chancellor's Latin Essay was besides awarded to him in 1835. In addition to these university distinctions we may mention that Mr. Palmer gained the Ireland University Scholarship in 1832, and took his Bachelor's degree in 1834 as a first-class man. He was subsequently elected to the Eldon Law Scholarship, and also to a Fellowship at Magdalen College, which he held until his marriage in 1848 to Lady Laura Waldegrave, eldest surviving daughter of William, eighth Earl Waldegrave.

On leaving Oxford Mr. Palmer entered as a pupil the chambers of Mr. Booth, under whose instructions he devoted himself to the acquisition of a knowledge of law, and in Trinity Term 1837 he was called to the Bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn.

The same talents which had made his career at Oxford distinguished, brought him practice in the Equity Courts. He became known for his painstaking ability and his conscientious devotion to the interests of his clients. Year by year his business increased until his standing was secured at the Bar. In 1849, having well earned the distinction, he was made a Queen's counsel, and soon afterwards elected a bencher of his Inn. On the promotion of Sir Richard Bethell to the woolsack, he became the leading barrister in the Equity Courts, and on the elevation of Sir Hugh Cairns to the same post he was without a rival. Of late years the income of Sir Roundell Palmer—apart from official sources—was larger than that of any other member of the Bar on either side of Westminster Hall. Not only has he had a lucrative practice in the Court of Chancery, but also in appeal cases before the House of Lords and the Privy Council.

At the general election in 1847 Mr. Palmer offered himself, as a moderate Conservative, to the electors of Plymouth. He appeared at Plymouth as a stranger, and with simply his character, his ability, and his opinions to recommend him. He professed himself a young man in politics, and said that his object was to serve his country in Parliament. In a lucid and powerful speech he expounded his political creed. He would carry out free trade and maintain the Established Church and the institutions of the country, reforming where reforms were necessary, as all institutions were worthless except for the ends they served. Mr. Palmer was returned along with Lord Ebrington, and continued to represent Plymouth in Parliament until 1852, when an effort was made to eject him on the ground of his opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. His rival candidate was elected, but on petition the election was found to be void, and Mr. Palmer declared to be the sitting member. His inability to acquiesce in Lord Palmerston's policy in respect of the Chinese War led to the loss of his seat for Plymouth in 1857.

Mr. Palmer's first speech in the House of Commons was delivered in 1848 in a debate on the affairs of

New Zealand, and in defence of the bishop of that colony, whose conduct had been assailed in the course of the debate. During the ten years he held a seat for Plymouth—the first period of his membership—he never failed to command the attention of the House by his eloquence, and by the comprehensiveness of his views on the questions he discussed. If as a speaker he had then a fault, it was that he was too purely oratorical for the House of Commons.

Afterwards, in referring to this period of his public life, he said that he had not sought office, nor connected himself with any party, and that he left Parliament in 1857 as independent a man as he entered ten years previously. He was content to be without a seat during the two elections which followed, because he was not prepared to unite himself with the party of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli; and he could not, without acting inconsistently and bartering his independence, consent to be bound by the pledges which many popular constituencies asked of their candidates.

In 1861 an event occurred which brought him back to the House of Commons, and in another capacity than that he had before occupied as an independent member. This was the death of Lord Campbell, and the consequent elevation of Sir Richard Bethell, the Attorney-General, to the Lord Chancellorship. Sir William Atherton became Attorney-General, and Mr. Palmer, though without a seat, accepted from Lord Palmerston the offered post of Solicitor-General. By the retirement of Mr. Rich a seat was conveniently found for him at Richmond. No opposition was to be there encountered. The greater part of the borough belonged to the Earl of Zetland, and for twenty years previously no attempt had been made to dispute his lordship's influence. Mr. Palmer was returned, received the honour of knighthood, took his place in the House, and by his knowledge, eloquence, and ability added largely to the debating resources of the Government.

The eminent position assumed by Sir Roundell Palmer in the House of Commons after his return to it in 1861, had been attained by no lawyer since the time of Sir William Follett, who was first Solicitor-General and then Attorney-General in the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

In succession to Sir William Atherton, Sir Roundell Palmer was made Attorney-General in October, 1863. In November, 1864, as Attorney-General and head of the English Bar, he presided at a great meeting held in the Middle Temple Hall to do honour to Antoine Pierre Berryer, the distinguished French advocate and political orator. "It is," said Sir Roundell on that occasion, "because M. Berryer is the first living type of incorruptible and unextinguishable integrity, and because, through every political vicissitude which for the last fifty years has beaten upon a disquieted country, he has kept his tongue as spotless as a soldier should keep his sword, that the English Bar, a fragment of the universal brotherhood of advocates, had met to do him honour." M. Berryer died in 1868. Sir Roundell Palmer retired from office with Lord John Russell's second administration, in June, 1866.

The direction of Sir Roundell Palmer's tastes and studies, apart from those of a professional and political character, is indicated by a lecture he delivered in 1852, in the Plymouth Mechanics' Institute, on "the Connection of Poetry and History." In this lecture his aim was to trace the manner in which the chief

epochs of movement in the human mind have been marked by the appearance of great poets, and to show how those poets have been the representatives of the different intellectual characters of their several ages. He referred to the salutary religious revival commenced by Wesley and Whitefield, which had given birth to the poet Cowper. Cowper he described as a writer "not indeed fully emancipated from the artistic trammels of Pope, but still a worthy precursor of a more perfect freedom; a poet genuine, simple, pure, a lover of nature and of truth; one who evidently spoke to the world because he had a message to deliver to it, and not for the sake of courtly patronage or literary reputation." In alluding to the movement of the Reformation in England—out of which arose the poetry of Spenser and of Shakespeare—he drew a comparison between these two great Elizabethan writers; and as a further specimen of a great lawyer's critical acumen in the field of literature, we quote his remarks on Spenser. "Of the two, Spenser was obviously more influenced by what was transient and accidental in the spirit of the time; he was more of a theologian and individual thinker, more conscious of a philosophical calling, than his great competitor. His 'Faery Queen' is an elaborate work of art, in which a theory of moral and theological virtues is allegorised under types borrowed from the chivalry of fable; and though breathing throughout an exquisite freshness and a most delicate perception of natural as well as moral beauty, it wants freedom on the whole, and has many points of affinity with that courtly school of writers called 'Euphuists,' of whom Sir Philip Sydney became the head, and through whose influence the taste of the succeeding reign was corrupted by fanciful and vain conceits. . . . Shakespeare reflects not at all, and Spenser only in a very modified and artificial form, the peculiar theological element then stirring beneath the surface of English society; a proof that down to the time when Shakespeare wrote, the general educated mind of England had received from the Reformation little more than an intellectual impulse, and not an energetic system of new religious ideas."

Sir Roundell Palmer's name is known in circles where it might not otherwise have been carried by his compilation of hymns published under the title of "The Book of Praise." This work, which afforded employment for some years for a portion of his leisure hours, has had a large acceptance, and has gone through several editions. To an edition of Ken's "Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns," he has published an introductory letter, in which he defends the authenticity of the text of Ken's hymns from the edition of 1712, as given in "The Book of Praise."

At the Church Congress held at York in October, 1866, Sir Roundell Palmer gave a paper on English Church Hymnody, in which he reviewed a number of the hymns of English writers, and showed in some cases how much the original words of the authors are to be preferred to the altered versions given in "Hymns for the Church of England." "A hymn," he says, in this paper, "should not be vulgar, prosaic, or didactic—it should be high in tone, simple and pure in taste and feeling, and not without some touch of the fire and energy of poetry."

Sir Roundell Palmer has taken a warm interest in the question of University Education. His name is attached to a pamphlet entitled, "Suggestions with regard to certain Proposed Alterations in Oxford," printed in 1854, and issued by the Oxford Tutors'

Association. In this brochure he traces the history of the causes which have unduly limited university education, and given to that of Oxford its aristocratic character and expensiveness. Long before any changes were effected at Oxford, his opinion as then expressed was that university education could only be extended by admitting students unconnected with colleges.

In his career as a lawyer many legal questions of a public nature have been referred to Sir Roundell Palmer as counsel. To him, with one or two other eminent lawyers, we may mention, was submitted the well-known "Ornaments of the Minister" case, on behalf of several archbishops and bishops of the Church, when the opinion given was conclusive as to the illegality of sundry practices of ritualistic clergy-men of the Church of England.

A strong opposition has gathered of late against the existence of our patent laws. This was strengthened by the support of Sir Roundell Palmer, who, it may be said, had he consulted his private interests, would certainly have been among the first to uphold a system productive of such immense pecuniary benefits to the practitioners of the law courts. He seconded Mr. Macfie's motion, made in May, 1868, for the abolition of patents, and in his speech propounded the doctrine that invention and discovery were essentially unlike literary production. His views the "Economist" characterised as somewhat metaphysical. Copyright, Sir Roundell held, applied to a creation. A man wrote a book; he thus brought into existence something which had no existence in the nature of things before. The rest of the world were not in the race with him to write that particular book. But in the case of inventions and discoveries, the facts with which they were concerned lay in nature itself. All had a right of access to the knowledge of natural laws, and all engaged in such pursuits were actually upon the track which led to discovery and invention. He could not allow that the man who happened to be the first in the race of discovery could claim for fourteen or any other term of years an exclusive property in a portion of the common stock of knowledge which was accessible to all who had the means of discovering it. What is termed secondary patents Sir Roundell condemned as unmitigated evils, and said that they exceeded in number patents of importance in the ratio of a hundred to one.

In the matter of law reform, expectation was raised by Sir Roundell Palmer's elevation to the woolsack. For years he has laboured earnestly in this direction. In 1867, in an elaborate speech in the House of Commons, he advocated—as regards the three courts of common law—the Queen's Bench, the Exchequer, and the Common Pleas—the abolition of the arbitrary differences which exist between them, and the fusion of the whole as branches of one court having a uniform jurisdiction and capable of taking any business without distinction. Sir Roundell also advocated the establishment of one supreme Court of Final Appeal from decisions, whether in law or equity. The distinction between law and equity, he held, was in a large measure artificial, and the requirements of the times pointed to as great a fusion of the two as was consistent with a reasonable division of labour and the practical despatch of business. The separation of the Courts, he urged, had a tendency to produce narrowness, which might be corrected by bringing both together into a focus by means of one Court of Appeal. It was remarkable that the law of Scot-

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land had derived great advantage from the decisions of its judges being reviewed by the House of Lords, by men free from Scotch prejudices and bringing to the discharge of their duties large views of jurisprudence. Out of the Judicial Committee of Privy

and a testing examination before, as barristers and attorneys, they are allowed to practise. Sir Roundell Palmer, and a number of other distinguished lawyers, formed themselves, in 1870, into a Legal Education Association, the object of which is to establish, by



Roundell Palmer

Council, the Court of Appeal in Chancery, and the Court of Exchequer Chamber, which is the Court of Error in common law, he would create one supreme Court of Appeal. This legislative work, still unaccomplished, waits to be taken up by Lord Selborne.

Another subject to which his lordship, when still at the Bar, devoted his attention, was that of Legal Education. The Inns of Court have long ceased to be what they originally were, schools of law; and until recently, when some partial remedy was found, there was no public provision whatever for the teaching of law in the metropolis. And even now law studies are what Sir Roundell Palmer emphatically pronounced them in the House of Commons, "unscientific, unsystematic, desultory, and empirical." What is wanted on the part of students, in addition to the knowledge picked up by actual practice, is a solid, scientific, and systematic acquaintance with the principles of Jurisprudence and the history of law,

means of a law university or school, a system of legal education worthy of the country.

At the election of 1868, when Sir Roundell Palmer's name was brought forward for the University of Oxford, the "Times" thus advocated his claims:—"Sir Roundell Palmer is, next to Mr. Gladstone and (the late) Lord Derby, the most illustrious living son of the university. His whole life has been a course of distinction, at the University, at the Bar, in the Church, and in Parliament. His academical career was signalled by the most brilliant successes; he was for years a Fellow of one of the principal colleges, and now occupies an eminent public office in connection with the university. In his profession—in the earlier stage no less than recently, in the period of his acknowledged supremacy—he has exhibited the high qualifications, moral and intellectual, which a university training should confer upon an advocate. His rare conscientiousness is

equally illustrated by the conspicuous fidelity with which he discharges his every-day duties as leading counsel, mastering his client's case down to the minutest details, and by his last act of magnanimity, by which, for the sake of principle, he declared himself willing to renounce the consummation of his professional career when it lay almost within his grasp. He is an earnest law reformer. To cite three out of many instances, he has proved himself a benefactor to the profession by heading the movement for the adoption of a single set of Law Reports, in lieu of the numerous conflicting series which previously existed; to the public by his broad and well-considered scheme for the organisation of the tribunals of justice; and to the entire community of nations by his efforts to raise international law to the level of existing civilisation. His affection for the Church, her doctrines, institutions, and works, is unquestioned, while his services in her behalf, both public and private, are notorious. In Parliament he has been an energetic, but ever a prudent, Liberal, and whether as law officer to the Crown or as a member of the Opposition, he has long been recognised as a high authority on the legal bearing of the weightiest affairs of State." Sir Roundell Palmer, however, failed in the contest. Mr. Gathorne Hardy and Mr. Mowbray were returned for the university.

In the great debate on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill in March, 1869, the speaker who followed Mr. Bright, who with great power and earnestness supported the Bill, was Sir Roundell Palmer. He was listened to with peculiar interest and attention, alike on account of his high character and of the peculiar position he occupied. Politically attached to the Liberal party and its chief, it was well known that he had renounced the highest prize of his profession—the Lord Chancellorship—rather than be a party to the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone. Willing to consent to extensive change, and to a reduction of the Establishment, he was yet strongly opposed to entire disendowment. Sir Roundell opened the third night's debate in these words: "I do not think it possible that there can be any member of this House to whom this measure has been the occasion of greater anxiety and solicitude than it has been to myself. Almost all the motives which most powerfully influence human nature would lead me to be desirous of giving my support to the Bill proposed by my right honourable friend at the head of the Government." That support, however, he could not give. In other matters he continued to act as the advocate, or rather patron, of Government. When Mr. Gladstone was assailed on account of what seemed his sudden conversion to the policy of disestablishment, Sir Roundell, in justice to his friend, declared that, so early as the year 1863, Mr. Gladstone had told him privately that he had made up his mind on the subject of the Irish Church, and that he should not be able to keep himself from giving public expression to his feelings.

The conservative feelings of the Lord Chancellor on Church matters were illustrated by his speech in the House of Commons in May, 1871, in reply to Mr. Miall's motion for the disestablishment of the Church of England. He held the Church to be an institution which does a work of inestimable value over the whole land and in every part of society. To any alteration in the marriage laws of the country he strenuously objects. His speech on this question, delivered some years since in the House of Commons,

was, at the request of several members of the House who heard it, revised and published. As to the education question, he is opposed to the adoption of a compulsorily secular system. Like his predecessor, Lord Hatherley, he is, we may mention, a Sunday-school teacher. On the "Alabama" question, his view was from the first decided, that the United States had no case. The treaty of Washington, and the retrospective bearing of the rules laid down by it—by which, of course, the Americans will be bound for the future—led to the adverse decision of the Geneva Arbitration Court. Before the court Sir Roundell acted as counsel for the British Government, and it is said that he refused the retainer of £30,000 offered to him by the Government for his services.

To the public and the legal profession a signal service was rendered by his determined opposition to Mr. Lowe's scheme for transferring the new law courts from the present site to one on the Thames Embankment. In the matter of the recent "Collier scandal," as it has been termed, he led the opposition to the vote of censure in the House of Commons, and carried a guarded amendment to the effect that the case was not one for parliamentary censure.

Lord Selborne is a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was made a D.C.L. by the University of Oxford in 1863. He has acted as Deputy-Steward and Counsel to the University, and also served on many Royal Commissions, among which we may name the Marriage Laws, Law Digest, Judicature and Neutrality Laws.

We have now touched on the main points in the legal and political career of this distinguished man, and with the following remarks from the "Spectator," in which the writer happily characterises his style of public speaking, we may enrich our notice.

"His gift as an orator is not fire, but persuasive mildness. There is hardly a single passage of striking 'eloquence,' in the common sense, to be found in all his speeches. He always keeps up the same strain of lambent earnest rationality—what Mr. Arnold somewhere calls 'sweet reasonableness,'—a style which does not so much overbear opposition, as take the heart out of it by penetrating it with a relaxing atmosphere of beneficent suasion and mollifying suggestion. There is something of the political saint about Sir Roundell Palmer's manner, and if he had gone into the Church he would certainly have been a much-beloved bishop. He is not eager like Mr. Gladstone, though he is earnest. In speaking, his manner often reminds one of his own mode of characterising a good hymn, in the preface to his 'Book of Praise.' The hymn, he says, should have 'simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling, a consistent elevation of tone, and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial.' He himself as a speaker has all these qualities, and he never rises above them into passion or invective. His political nature is too tractable for passion, or even for intense feeling. A great equity lawyer, with a Christian temperament, and a love of the past, modified only by logic and by moral earnestness, his force is spent on taking distinctions, reconciling discrepancies, and smoothing away the ragged traces of obsolete principles; and his gentle indignation, when he does express it, is as placable as a lamb's."

Of the first public appearance of Lord Selborne after his elevation a genial report was given. It can

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hardly, however, be called a *public* appearance, for it was at his rural home, Blackmoor House, Selborne, when he entertained more than a hundred of his tenants and neighbours on the occasion of completing the new school-house, which he had built. With the illustration of the kindly and Christian spirit of the Lord Chancellor furnished by his speech we conclude our notice. "He desired," he said, "to see all classes of the community united in the bonds of brotherly love one with another. Those whom the accident of fortune, or the providence of God—which was a more proper and truer expression—had called to higher positions should not be too exalted or puffed-up by outward circumstances or earthly honours; for the way to obtain real happiness was only in cultivating a relationship of brotherly love with all men, whether in the same station of life or beneath them. He trusted that God would prevent all evil-disposed and designing persons from altering those principles and rules which were the very foundations of society, and which had greatly blessed this country. Let each of them be affectionate one towards another, following their own proper work; let each try to raise himself, to raise his class, and be a good citizen: There would ever in this world be high and low; there must be rich and poor. To get rid of these divergencies was impossible; but it was the duty of all to reduce them to the lowest point. The true source of happiness lay within and not without. It was the heart within, and the relation of that heart to God and to man, which alone brought happiness. He remembered, when he was called upon to attend a missionary meeting in a neighbouring farm, before their school-room was built, that he stated

what a blessing it would be if this parish of Blackmoor could be made a model parish. He wished to get a proportion of them to try and set a good Christian example by their lives, and thus become good Christians and good men. He desired that they might be a centre of light around them, and that God's honour and glory might be shown more and more among them. The very best gifts he had ever received—all gifts of station, all honours conferred, and means acquired by himself—all these things were as nothing compared with the one great gift of having imparted to him the knowledge of God, and, next to that, the best education which his parents were able and willing to give. He had, therefore, done something in trying to get for them a suitable place of worship, and that room wherein they sat testified to the educational part. Reference had been made to the great, the overwhelming honour and grave responsibility of the office to which he had been called by the Sovereign. Their minds would, no doubt, think more of the honour and less of the responsibility; but he hoped that he should ever feel that all earthly dignities and all honours here were useful only so far as they were held for the sake of the country. Those honours lasted but for a very little time, and when they went away they could not carry them with them. He felt the high duty and the grave responsibility resting upon him in having to advise her Majesty, to decide difficult questions, and to fill vacant charges—duties which demanded far more gifts than he could pretend to. His ambition was not for place, not for power, but to do some good work among his fellow-men before he passed away."

J. H.

ANECDOTES OF DOCTORS.

WE propose to gather together some interesting anecdotes about medical men. These will refer to what medical men have told us about their patients, and what we know respecting themselves. It is very rarely indeed that medical men tell us anything about their patients, except what may be of importance in a scientific point of view, and is therefore published in their special professional organs. Occasionally, however, this rule, in some eminent instances, is wisely set aside.

For instance, there is a deeply interesting account given in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review" of the last illness of Sir Walter Scott, from the MS. diary of Dr. Ferguson. Before he left this country for a voyage in the Mediterranean there was a consultation of London physicians, and it was ascertained that softening of the brain was begun. Day by day, and almost hour by hour, the disease made progress. In Italy he was impatient to return home, and so came back to Abbotsford, staying in London on the way. It is here that we have Dr. Ferguson's account, lately published:—"July 29, 1834. Sir Walter lay on the second-floor back room of the St. James's Hotel, in Jermyn Street. He was attended by his faithful servant Nicolson, who lifted him out of bed with the ease of a child. 'I never saw anything more magnificent than his chest and neck. The head, as he lay on the pillow, with the collar of his shirt thrown back, seemed but slightly to swell above the throat. He was calm but never collected during the time he was in Jermyn Street. His constant yearn-

ing to return to Abbotsford at last caused Sir Henry Hallford, Dr. Holland, and myself to consent to his removal. It was on a calm clear evening of the 7th of July, 1832, that every preparation was made. He sat in his arm-chair facing the window, which permitted the last rays of the setting sun to fall on his white uncovered head. Round his body a large loose wrapper had been thrown. His eye was so bright and calm that Lockhart and myself both remarked its vigorous lustre, only it betokened little or no interest in the events before him, but appeared lighted by inward thoughts. He suffered himself to be lifted into his carriage, which was in the street. A crowd had gathered round it, and I observed that more than one gentleman walked his horse up and down to gaze on the wreck of the author of 'Waverley.' His children were all deeply affected. Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot and wept bitterly. Charles Scott, Lockhart, and Major Scott were sad. Thus surrounded by those nearest to him, he appeared, while yet alive, to be carried to his tomb; for such was the effect on my mind of the long procession of mourning friends." Among the last recorded words of this expiring intellect was the advice to Lockhart: "Be a good man." When he awoke from slumber, some one said, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Wilson," he replied, with the tears rushing into his eyes, "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave."

With this may be compared the account of the death of Canning. He had caught cold at the funeral of the Duke of York. From this cold he

never really recovered. Although he so far improved as to be able to perform important business, yet he was forced by disease to take to his bed. His friend Mr. Stapleton kept a diary of the last days of his illness. On the Sunday before his death he was very ill. "In the forenoon he proposed that his daughter should read the prayers to him, but he began to wander and it was not done. On my return he asked for me, and when I said that I hoped that he was better, he said, 'Yes, very little; but if all the pain which I have suffered throughout my life were collected together, it would not amount to the one-hundredth part of the pain which I have suffered these last three days.'" When the physician saw him this evening he was in pain, and exclaimed, "My God! my God!" Dr. Farre observed, "You do right, sir, to call upon your God. I hope that you pray to him yourself, in secret." "I do, I do," was the answer. "And you ask," added the doctor, "for mercy and salvation through the merits of your Redeemer?" "Yes," he replied, "I do through the merits of Jesus Christ." The dying exclamation of another great prime minister, William Pitt, will be recollected: "I cast myself on the mercies of God through the merits of Christ."

I remember hearing an anecdote of a very estimable gentleman who was a medical professor at one of the Scotch universities. At the close of the winter course he addressed the students in a speech usual on such occasions, and recommended various works. "And above all, gentlemen," said the good old man, "there is one book to which I recommend your earnest attention." And then, in brief earnest words, he pressed on them the importance of studying the Scriptures. A short time afterwards, on a tranquil summer night, the steamship "Orion" struck on a rock near Portpatrick, and the good old man was suddenly taken to his rest.

An interesting biography was recently published of the Arctic explorer, Sir John Richardson. He began life as a member of that singularly hardworking and meritorious body of men, the naval surgeons. He was a man of cheerful and contented disposition, and in a remarkable way his path in his peculiar sphere of usefulness was pointed out to him. His comparative failure in private practice, in spite of his great merit, caused him to join an overland journey to the shores of the Arctic Sea. He writes thus to his father respecting the young wife whom he had only lately married: "The hope of acquiring the power of rendering her more comfortable, and the possibility of obtaining some portion of fame and proving myself worthy of her affection, are the inducements which I have to undertake the expedition, and are the only motives strong enough to enable me to endure so long an absence." When, after many services, he was asked if knighthood would be agreeable, he answered, "As a mark of approbation from the Government for my services it could not be otherwise, but it would have been much more so if it had been granted in the lifetime of my beloved wife." In his last expedition, in the search after Sir John Franklin, with great magnanimity he devolved the command upon Dr. Rae, although much younger, and with less varied experience of Arctic Seas. Up to an advanced old age he retained a keen interest in all intellectual subjects, and made some valuable contributions to science. On his tombstone is engraven a text which he and Franklin used to repeat to each other in the long Arctic nights: "I had fainted unless I had believed

to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

Sir Astley Cooper was one of the most able and daring of surgeons. His biography abounds with many points of great interest. Anecdotes are told revealing the utmost tenderness of nature in a man who every day was performing some severe operations, and whom the world probably considered to be callous. He is well known to have cried like a child when he thought of the privations which little children in the London streets often undergo. Medical men are often generous, even beyond their strength, in refusing to receive payment for the services they render. Cooper would never take a fee from a military man in the time of the long French war. Sir Matthew Tierney said that whenever he wanted a surgical opinion in the case of a person who could not afford to take fees, he always sent the patient with a letter to Sir Astley, a certain mark under the name, according to previous agreement, being quite sufficient to prevent him taking a fee even if offered. We understand that Sir Astley could hardly exist in a state of retirement from practice. He had been so immersed in professional avocations, that he had few resources for a state of enforced leisure. He looked on the trees in his park, and said: "Oh, those wearisome trees; I shall hang myself from one of them some of these days!" It is remarkable that, with all his experience of accident and disease, he never seemed to anticipate any mischance or malady to himself.

A few years before he died his nephew wrote to him mentioning that he had heard a rumour that he had died in a fit. Sir Astley answered: "It is with much self-gratification that I assure you I am not dead, and that the only fit I have had is a fit of hunger, to which disease I have been extremely liable ever since I was born. Indeed it is my full intention to practise my profession for the next thirteen years; after that time to retire for twenty, and then to be at God's disposal for so many more as he pleases." Five years afterwards he was greatly aged, suffering from sleeplessness, difficulty of breathing, and paroxysms. When the physicians were prescribing for him, he said: "My dear sirs, I am fully convinced of your excellent judgment, and of your devotion to me, but your wishes are not to be fulfilled. God's will be done! God bless you both! Bransby, my dear, kiss me. You must excuse me, but I shall take no more medicine." His last known words were, "Good-by, God bless you," to those who stood around him.

One of the most eminent examples of the Christian philosopher, of one who united high scientific genius to the faith and endurance of saints, was furnished by the late Professor George Wilson, of Edinburgh. For many years he enjoyed good health, but at the age of thirty-two he was attacked by rheumatism, which left a painful disease of his ankle-joint. From this time his life might almost be called a martyrdom. At a later time, when lecturing to his pupils on the use of chloroform, he made this statement about his case:—"Several years ago I was required to prepare, on very short warning, for the loss of a limb by amputation. A painful disease, which for a time had seemed likely to yield to the remedies employed, suddenly became greatly aggravated, and I was informed by two surgeons of the highest skill, who were consulted on my case, that I must choose between death and the sacrifice of a limb, and that my choice must be promptly made, for my strength was fast

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sinking under pain, sleeplessness, and exhaustion. I at once agreed to submit to the operation, but asked a week to prepare for it; not with the slightest expectation that my disease would take a favourable turn in the interval, or that the anticipated horrors of the operation would become less appalling by reflection upon them; but simply because it was so probable that the operation would be followed by a fatal issue, that I wished to prepare for death, and what lies beyond it, whilst my faculties were clear and my emotions were comparatively undisturbed; for I knew well that if the operation was speedily followed by death, I should be in a condition, during the interval, in the last degree unfavourable to making preparation for the great change."

The operation was successful, but his general health continued deplorably bad. But we are told that "he now realised deeply his personal need of a Saviour. The bed of affliction was made to him a blessing; the chastening of the Lord was to his profit."* It is remarkable that with the period of ill-health commenced the period of his usefulness as a lecturer for learned bodies on scientific subjects. He was often obliged to lecture with a blister or issue on his chest. For fifteen years the heroic struggle with a feeble diseased frame continued. He became Professor of Technology to the University of Edinburgh and Director of the Museum. In the meanwhile he was a most industrious and voluminous writer. The author of an article on him in the "North British Review"—to which we are indebted for much information respecting him—prefixes a list of sixty-eight publications by him, ranging from volumes to magazine articles. Many are on subjects of purely scientific interest, some are contributions to scientific biography, and a few are writings of great general interest. The best known of these is his "Five Gateways of Knowledge." He beautifully speaks of the organs of the senses, "the loopholes through which the spirit gazes out upon the world and the world gazes in upon the spirit—porches which the longing, unsatisfied soul would often gladly make wider, that beautiful material natures would come into it more fully and freely; and fenced doors, which the sated and dissatisfied spirit would, if it had the power, often shut and bar altogether." Here is another thrilling passage from an essay:—"Great astronomers of old have told us that the sidereal system could not stop, but must for ever go on printing in light the cyclical writing of the firmament. But in our own day, and amongst ourselves, has arisen a philosopher to show us, as the result simply of physical forces working as we observe them do, that the altered firmament of heaven will one day see all its scattered stars fall, like the ruined type-setting of a printer, into one mingled mass. Already the most distant stars, like the outermost sentinels of a flock of birds, have heard the signal of sunset and return, and have begun to gather closer together and to turn their faces homewards. Millions of years must elapse before that home is reached and the end comes, but that end is sure. God alone is eternal, and they who, through his gift, are partakers of his immortality." We believe, however, astronomers are by no means agreed that Sir William Thomson's calculations on this point are conclusive.

Professor George Wilson lived under a settled abiding sense of the insecurity of human life. He

once said to a friend on wishing him good-by after a morning visit, "I am trying to live every day, so that I may be ready to go on an hour's notice." To another friend he said, "*I am resigned to live.*" To another, a few days before his death, he said, "I can say from experience, it was good for me to be afflicted." He died after a long illness, in the faith of Christ, November, 1859.

Dr. Andrew Combe is an instance of what may be done under the most disadvantageous circumstances even by a hopeless invalid. He was well educated in medical science, and for many years he practised as a physician. Then he was compelled by disease of the lungs to withdraw himself from the active duties of his profession. He had now to watch his own health with the utmost discipline and caution. He knew that he was suffering from a fatal disease, from which there could be no hope of cure, but he knew that with the utmost care and self-control, his life might be indefinitely prolonged, though always with a feeble and uncertain tenure. He fully acted up to the conditions which he saw imposed on him, and his life was spared during ten years. In this period of extreme ill-health, caused by extensive organic disease, he addressed himself to literary labour which had wide usefulness and popularity. He issued volume after volume in which he made important knowledge intelligible to almost every order of mind. His long experience as an invalid was useful to many invalids on whom he urged the necessity of moderation and self-discipline. With all his weakness, there was hardly any healthy man who lived so active and beneficial a life. A writer speaks of "that tall spare figure, with its bright mild and benignant eye, and manner modest, yet firm and self-controlled—a man who struck the observer at once as above the ordinary stamp. The expression of his face, to a casual observer, showed that he bore what he had to endure with manly fortitude. There was no querulousness, no discontent, no peevishness, no disappointment in the lines of that face. He was in a region above complaint. He used the talents which had been entrusted to him, and with abundant reward."

This writer, in his little book, "Thoughts of a Physician," says:—"The expression of the eye in complete resignation to death under bodily disease, is deeply pathetic and rare. It is only seen in a thoroughly chastened soul which has absolutely submitted without hope. It is not the mere expression of patience, not that of a serenity above change. There is the conviction of true insight that it is only in the other world that the chastening hand will be withdrawn. With this same conviction there is an absolute submission to God's will; a wish that it should not be otherwise, yet the abiding painful sense of the sore trial. The sufferer is uncomplaining, still, submissive, sadly and pensively quiet, rather than simply patient or loftily serene. The like expression may be often transiently observed as a passing phase of an invalid's mind."

I wonder whether it was of either of these Edinburgh doctors that Mr. Thackeray relates a touching anecdote in one of his Essays. Mr. Thackeray was a man who mixed largely in society, and was necessarily well acquainted with many interesting contemporary anecdotes. "I will tell you," he writes, "a fine and touching story of a doctor which I heard lately. About two years since there was, in our or some other city, a famous doctor, into whose consulting-room crowds came daily, so that they might be

* "North British Review," Vol. xxxii.

healed. Now this doctor had a suspicion that there was something vitally wrong with himself, and he went to consult another famous physician at Dublin, or it may be at Edinburgh. And he of Edinburgh punched his comrade's sides; and listened at his heart and lungs; and felt his pulse, I suppose; and looked at his tongue; and when he had done, Dr. London said to Dr. Edinburgh, 'Doctor, how long have I to live?' And Dr. Edinburgh said to Dr. London, 'Doctor, you may last a year.' Then Dr. London came home, knowing that what Dr. Edinburgh said was true. And he made up his accounts with man and heaven, I trust; and he visited his patients as usual. And he went about healing, and cheering, and soothing, and doctoring, and thousands of sick people were benefited by him. And he said not a word to his family at home, but lived amongst them cheerful and tender, and calm and loving, though he knew the night was at hand when he should see them and work no more. And it was winter time, and they came and told him that some man at a distance, very sick, but very rich, wanted him; and though Dr. London knew that he was himself at death's door, he went to the sick man; for he knew the large fee would be good for his children after him. And he died; and the family never knew until he was gone that he had been long aware of the inevitable doom."

Some years ago a remarkable fragment of autobiography by the late Sir Benjamin Brodie was published shortly after that eminent man's death. It is replete with interest, not only to the medical profession, but to the public at large. We confess that there is one omission with which we are pained. As we read this record of extraordinary professional success and personal blessings, we could wish to have met with some expression of *Laus Deo*, some expression of thankfulness for abundant mercies vouchsafed. The book contains much that is instructive and encouraging. Sir Benjamin unquestionably owed much of his success to the rigorous and persevering system of study which his father adopted towards him, the result of which was that work became the very essence of his nature, and idleness intolerably irksome to him. He sketches his solitary uphill London life, but says: "Very few portions of my life have been much happier than those in which I had no other society than that of my books and writings, and little recreation beyond that of a solitary walk in the evening in the fields which now form the Regent's Park, or those which are now covered with houses and gardens in the district of St. John's Wood." Sir Benjamin altogether denies that at the outset he had any particular taste or liking for his profession. He got on not by genius, but by hard work, never shrinking from the most disagreeable and repellent work. Thus he gave the most persevering study to anatomy, and attended at a chemist's shop that he might practically understand the making up of prescriptions. He mentions an eminent medical man who really reduced his practice to five different kinds of medicines, and much the same thing is said of Sir Astley Cooper. Very gradually he made his way, first into a considerable and afterwards into an enormous practice. His works on Diseases of the Joints filled a gap in medical literature and greatly brought him forward. He thus speaks of his early researches into this subject: "For a long time I arrived at no results. All was confusion. At the end of the first year I seemed to be no wiser than I had been at the beginning; and at the

end of the second I knew little more than at the end of the first. Still I persevered, until at first I perceived some glimmering of light." Such is often the gradual course of successful study. Sir Benjamin tells us much that is interesting of his distinguished contemporaries, among others the distinguished physician Dr. Baillie, who used to complain of his great practice as of a great hardship. "His professional brethren had little sympathy with and smiled at these complaints; yet they were well founded, and I suspect that he would have been a happier man and have lived longer, if he had had a smaller amount of professional success." At one time Sir Benjamin was in close attendance on George the Fourth. He went to Windsor every evening, slept at the Castle, and came up to town the first thing in the morning. He thought that the king would have been a better and happier man if it had been his lot to be nothing more than a simple country gentleman. Eventually Sir Benjamin retired, and though he had no taste for country pursuits, and gave up farming when he could not farm profitably, he never found time hang heavy on his hands. In fact, he occupied himself by going back to his early studies. It was with a pang that he severed his connection with St. George's Hospital, with which he had been connected for more than thirty years, and where he had spent many of his happiest hours; "and even now (many years afterwards) these scenes are often renewed to me at night, and events of which I have no recollection when awake come before me in my dreams."

There are few biographies of a mixed professional and religious character more deeply, and in some respects more painfully, interesting than that of the late Dr. Hope. The great contribution which he made to medical science was his investigation into diseases of the heart, his work on that subject still retaining a distinguished place in medical literature. He was the principal introducer of the practice of auscultation into this country. There had been a considerable prejudice against it, in consequence of the injudicious conduct of those who had attempted to form their diagnosis by physical signs alone, irrespectively of general signs. Dr. Hope overcame this prejudice, and gradually made himself famous by his knowledge of the sounds of the heart and his interpretation of them. It is to him that we seem principally indebted for the use of the stethoscope in England. With him, as with so many other medical men, the publication of a work proved the era of success. In early life his aged father had given him a threefold piece of advice on his medical conduct. This was: "*First*. Never keep a patient ill longer than you can possibly help. *Secondly*. Never take a fee to which you do not feel yourself to be justly entitled. *Thirdly*. Always pray for your patients." Dr. Hope said before he died that he always strove to guide himself by these rules. The religious condition of his patients was a subject ever uppermost in the mind of Dr. Hope, and he always sought, so far as was possible, to do good to the souls as well as the bodies of those who consulted him. He did not at all believe, in a medical point of view, that it did a patient any harm to inform him of the probability or certainty of a fatal termination of his illness; on the contrary, he believed that this might often calm the mind and subdue the irritability that aggravates disease. What chiefly strikes one on perusing the Life of Dr. Hope, is that unintermitting intellectual toil

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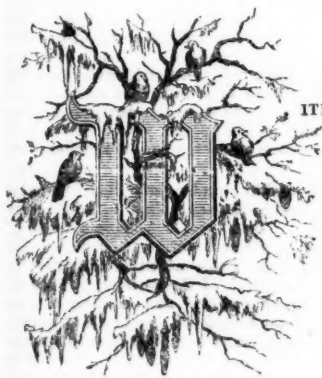


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in which he indulged. It is impossible to read all that he did and studied without the feeling that he showed much unwisdom in his over-exertion, and must have sown the seeds of future feebleness or disease. He seems to have had an almost feverish anxiety to turn every moment of time to profitable account, not for the mere sake of fame and emolument, but in the interests of a noble profession, the desire to do good, and a genuine love of knowledge. It is not possible, however, for beings constituted as we are to live at such high pressure, and that time is profitably spent which is passed in the rest and relaxation best suited to promote the efficiency of our hours of work. The great chest physician began to develop symptoms of disease of the chest. From infancy he had always enjoyed the most perfect health, but some members of his family had died of consumption, and his own course of life was, we think, peculiarly likely to elicit its fatal germs. One year he had a slight cold; next year he had an influenza which left a settled slight cough. He conscientiously followed in his own case the medical axiom that a cough ought never to be neglected. But his health continued to decline, and he was often in a distressing condition of nervous excitement. It seemed desirable that he should go abroad, but for a rising medical man with a family this was very difficult, and he thought it was too late for an established

case like his own. He was able to pursue his profession as a consulting physician, and it is remarkable that he took more fees this way during the last year of his life, than in any previous year. The activity of his mind continued undisturbed, and he composed valuable papers almost up to the day of his death. In his sick-room he felt the full value of his simple, earnest, consistent religion. Dr. Hope had refused tempting offers from a religious scruple; he had perilled all his professional prospects by refusing to canvass on a Sunday for the office of physician to St. George's Hospital, and as far as possible he kept the Sunday to its own sacred objects. These are striking traits in his religious character. He was only forty when he left London for ever, knowing that he should never return again. His only drive in his carriage after that was to visit the cemetery where he wished to be buried. On these sad occasions, as they seemed to others, he was extremely cheerful. "I have always been a sober, thinking man," he said to his physician, Dr. Latham, "and I could not have imagined the joy that I now feel; it is such as I could not have conceived possible." "You see, Theodore," he said to his young son, "what a lucky fellow I am! You have your fortune to make, but mine is ready made for me. I am going to my heavenly inheritance." His last connected words were, "I thank God."

F. A.



Winter Time.

ITH the bleak and dusky dawning comes the red sun heavy eyed,
Straining slow an anxious vision o'er the air gulf deep and wide,
Till he finds the world still rolling thro' the space that has no end,

When he brightens as one looking on the face of an old friend.

Then men see their bleakened cornlands rusted thro' the harvest sheen,
And bare forests stript by frost-winds of their ample robe of green;
Ragged hedgerows, dripping mountains, soddened moors and misty plains,
Faded meadows where the colour has been washt out by the rains.

Out at sea the level waters spread becalmed, benumbed, and grey,
With the keels of dank sailed vessels loitering windless on their way;
Whilst the fog-wrapt cliffs like sentries watch the tumbling tides beneath,
As they roar in blue-lipt anger, and gnaw rocks with fierce white teeth.

Soon the sullen day is ended; but ere gloaming dulls the air,
O'er the vast steel vault of heaven leaps a sudden lurid glare,

As the ruddy fires of sunset faint and flicker in the west,
Then sink down behind black cloud-bars and die out in ashy rest.

To the shelter of the hedges, and where hollies stay the gale,
Come the little birds a-winging from the mountain and the dale,
And they join to sing thanksgivings in a chorus sweet and clear,
For the bounty that has fed them in the dark time of the year.

Then the dense night broodeth downward and the frost comes out to rule,
And he polishes a mirror for the stars in every pool;
Whilst the red reeds in the marshes and the bronzed leaves in the fields
Are hardened out and sharpened into shining spears and shields.

* * * *

Silence deepens o'er the country, save the echo of a gate
Swinging-to behind a shepherd as he comes home slow and late;
Or the quick bark of a watch-dog in some distant farm or fold,
Or the shrill cry of some night-bird as it breasts the bitter cold.

* * * *

Utter stillness. With a shudder breaking thro' it now and then
As the shadow of the mountain meets the shadow of the glen,

Mingling close in awful blackness where the crags
kill out the grass,
And the streamlet stills its murmur as it slips along
to pass.

* * * *

In the villages and houses lights shine out from
upper rooms,
Where the tired hands are busy shutting out the
ghastly glooms,
And the tired heads are rested on the pillows of the
bed,
And except the dream-start wakens they lie sleeping
as if dead.

Then upon the mournful landscape comes the falling
of the snow,
As if heaven had lent its raiment to the weary earth
below,
And had clothed her in white glory ere the coming
of that day
When the sin, and shame, and sorrow should for ever
pass away.

Thus the time of Winter passes, and comes on the
time of Spring,
With its soft and fragrant air and its bounteous
blossoming;
And the earthly life will pass, too, with its darkness,
cold, and frost,
And the soul possessed with patience shall be led and
not be lost.

Oh you young ones, in your gladness, there will seize
you unawares
Chilling crowds of strange sad losses; endless hosts
of wearing cares;
But whatever may surround you, face it all with
trustful mind,
For be sure in life's stern dealing it is God who
stands behind.

ALFRED NORRIS.

Varieties.

A BOY PRINCE'S LETTER.—Among the documents examined for photographic copies for the Record Office, is the celebrated Denmylne Collection, belonging to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and made up of correspondence between King James VI and different members of his family. Among them is a letter to King James from his grandson little Prince Frederick Henry, eldest son of Elizabeth of Bohemia, who was afterwards drowned near Amsterdam in the beginning of January, 1629, and its runs thus:—"Sr.—I kisse your hand. I would faine see yor. Majestie. I can say nominativo hic, hæc, hoc, and all 5 declensions and a part of pronomen and part of verbum. I have two horses alive, that can goe up my staires, a black horse and a chesnut horse. I pray God to blesse your Majestie. Yor. Majesties obedient Grand-child, FRIDERICK HENRY."

MONKEY SAGACITY.—It was in a wild and dreary part of the country, in the plains of India, while journeying, that one day a friend and self sat down under the shade of an umbrageous banyan-tree, and we were enjoying a meal of various edibles, to be washed down by a glass of Bass's best, when we were disturbed by the arrival and the noise of a troop of large black-faced monkeys—the branches overhead literally swarmed with them. They looked on us as interlopers, no doubt, and for some time their gestures appeared so menacing that we were apprehensive they would dispute the ground with us. But after a time things seemed to settle down, and we went on with our repast in peace. We had just risen from our meal, and were strolling forth from under the shade, when, to our surprise, one

of the monkeys, a young one, fell down from a high branch at our feet. It was quite dead. The clamour that arose above us, on the occurrence of this calamity, was deafening. The whole assembly of monkeys clustered together for a confab. Long and loud were the chatterings and varied the grimaces of the tribe, each individual vying with the other in the loudness of his tongue. Their looks and gestures made it apparent that they suspected us as being the cause of the death of their juvenile comrade; and had we had guns in our hands, or any other murderous weapons, we should no doubt have been set upon and maltreated. But we were unarmed, and the good sense of the monkeys seemed to tell them that there must be some other culprit. Having come to this conclusion, one monkey, apparently the senior and leader of the whole tribe, separated himself from the rest, ran to the spot on the branch whence the young monkey had fallen, examined it carefully, smelt the branch, and then glided nimbly down one of the pillars or pendent roots, with which the banyan-tree is so richly furnished, and came to the corpse of the monkey, took it up, examined it minutely, particularly the shoulder, where there was a wound—not a gun-shot, but one somewhat smaller. Instinct immediately turned suspicion into certainty. He placed the corpse on the ground again, and turning his gaze in every direction, endeavoured to pierce the foliage in his search for the murderer. After a little while something seemed to rivet his attention; it was but for a moment—the next instant he had mounted the tree, sprung to the spot, and with one clutch had seized a long whip snake, with which he hastened to the ground. Now occurred a most curious scene. The whole monkey rabble, following their leader in his rapid movement, were on the ground almost as soon as he; and then, as many as could, ranged themselves on each side of the snake; each monkey put his hand on the reptile, clutching hold of the skin of the back tightly. At a given signal the executioners dragged the body of the writhing snake backward and forward on the ground, till nothing was left of the murderer but the backbone. The mode of execution was at once summary and effectual; and in the way in which it was carried out, was manifest the clear understanding which the monkey language conveys. It reminds me of the lingo of some of the Paharee tribes of the Himalayas, which consists of a string or succession of sounds like *ha-ha-hoo-hoo—hin-hin*—equally unintelligible to us as the chatterings of the monkey, but very well understood by the "hoonoomans" by whom it is used; even as the monkeys can comprehend one another. C.

PHARAOH'S DREAM.—I couldn't understand Pharaoh's other dream respecting the fat and lean cattle which he said he saw "come up out of the river, . . . and they fed in a meadow." The figure, or things dreamt, seemed contrary to nature. But in going along the Nile the puzzle was solved in the following manner:—Being seated on the deck of the steamer, I heard the Arabs belonging to the vessel shouting and making a great noise; then the steam whistle sent forth its shrillest shriek, and, as the engineers were English, I heard the familiar words, "Ease her," and shortly afterwards, "Stop her." Wondering what was amiss, I went to the front, and saw twenty to thirty black knobs sticking out of the water, nearly as large as the crown of a hat. When the vessel got closer to them they began to rise and assume the form of buffaloes which had gone into the river with the double object of cooling their bodies and freeing themselves from their great tormentors, the flies of Egypt. When first seen there was nothing visible but the noses of these animals; but when they raised their bodies they moved very leisurely to the bank, and walked out into the meadow, in the same way as seen by Pharaoh in his dream.—*Heycock's Exodus.*

TRUE CATHOLICITY.—About the same time that the Bishop of Lincoln and the Dean of Westminster were talking about the unity of the Church at the Munich conference of Old Catholics, two Australian bishops were setting a noble example of true practical Christian union. At Melbourne the bishop presided over a prayer-meeting where a Presbyterian, a Wesleyan, and a Congregationalist led the devotion. At Adelaide originated a Conference on Christian union between members of the Episcopal Church, the Free Church, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Congregational Churches, at which resolutions were adopted arranging for periodical fellowship meetings between the ministers of the different Churches, for occasional interchanges of pulpits, and for united services and other means of manifesting unity of purpose in "view of the widely-prevailing irreligion and unbelief which all alike feel to be a great hindrance of the work of God," and "in the hope of impressing the general mass of men with a strong argument in favour of the religion of Christ."

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